

Maze Runner: Texting

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](http://archiveofourown.org/works/15343713) at <http://archiveofourown.org/works/15343713>.

Rating:	Teen And Up Audiences
Archive Warning:	Creator Chose Not To Use Archive Warnings
Categories:	F/M , Multi
Fandom:	The Maze Runner Series - All Media Types
Relationships:	Minho/Newt/Thomas (Maze Runner) , Teresa Agnes/Aris Jones , Rachel/Aris Jones , Thomas/Brenda (briefly)
Characters:	Gally (Maze Runner) , Thomas , Newt , Minho , Ben , Brenda , Jorge , Chuck , Rachel , Sonya , A.D. Janson , Ava Paige , Teresa Agnes , Aris Jones , Winston , Zart , Clint , Jeff , Frypan (Maze Runner) , Alby , Harriet
Additional Tags:	Texting , Eventual Romance , Drama & Romance , Talk of Suicide , Character Death , maze runner - Freeform , The Flare , Crank , griever , WICKED/WCKD , Plot Twists , Some Off-Text Stuff , Humour/Comedy , Attempt , Action/Adventure , Author loves to chat in comments , The Author Regrets Nothing , Breaking the Fourth Wall , More tags later , Rating May Change , some serious stuff , plot does exist , Potential Cliffhanger Chapters , This Is STUPID , Maybe just a LITTLE Stupid , This is fun to write , I'm Not Ashamed , I'm Probably Bad At Writing The Characters Right , forgive me for that , Will be long
Language:	English
Stats:	Published: 2018-07-18 Updated: 2018-07-23 Words: 4,345 Chapters: 7/50

Maze Runner: Texting

by [Sunhorse99](#)

Summary

What if the characters of The Maze Runner had phones and could text? Oh dear...this will be... interesting.

Notes

Thanks for reading over my work. This is my first time trying to write and publish a fanfic with them texting, so bear with me. Also, ANY ideas for events or quotes are ALWAYS welcome!

Introduction

Summary: What if the Gladers could text? Oh dear...This'll be...interesting.

5:52 PM

BrokeAllTheRules: [created a chat] Hey Guys...so...what is this thing?

Glade Mom: [5:53 PM: joined chat] This? I think if this phone thingy is right it's called texting. Interesting word

SassKing: [5:53 PM: joined chat] Whee! I like pressing all these little buttons and watching them make words!

Glade Mom: ... Minho, that's called a keyboard.

SassKing: Yeah Yeah. Whatever.

BrokeAllTheRules: Who chose my username...?

SassKing: given you're called out on breaking the rules, I'm gonna say probably Newt or Gally

Glade Mom: Don't look at me! I didn't choose your bloody username!

BrokeAllTheRules: Gally then. Where IS the guy anyway? Wait no...I don't wanna summon him

Eyebrows: [5:57 PM: joined chat] What did I miss?

Eyebrows: ... Wow, Thomas. Thanks

SassKing: Good job, Thomas. You jinxed us.

BrokeAllTheRules: I didn't MEAN to!

Chuckles: [5:58 PM: joined chat] Hello...?

BrokeAllTheRules: Okay, Chuck's here. Everything's better now.

Chuckles: Why is my username Chuckles?

SassKing: Guess Gally thought it was appropriate

Eyebrows: I didn't choose the usernames!

SassKing: ...

Eyebrows: I can see you staring at me, Minho. Quit it. Aren't you suppose to be running off somewhere in the shuck Maze?

SassKing: Uh...it's nighttime, Gally. No

Eyebrows: Geez...we'd be rid of a lot of trouble if you were out there right now

SassKing: Why? 'Cause I'd be eaten by a greiver..."

SassKing: Oops. Griver

SassKing: NO! Greyver

SassKing: FOR SHUCKS SAKE WHY CAN'T I SPELL THIS?!?

BrokeAllTheRules: Griever, Minho. Griever. Also, you've never had to actually spell it before, so cut yourself some slack

SassKing: [6:01 PM: left chat]

BrokeAllTheRules: Minho? Are you okay?"

Glade Mom: I think he left, Tommy

BrokeAllTheRules: What makes you say that?

Glade Mom: That the text a minute ago says so.

BrokeAllTheRules: ... Ok then

Glade Mom: I'll go calm him down

BrokeAllTheRules: Ok thanks

Glade Mom: [6:04 PM: left chat]

Eyebrows: Well...no point staying around in a chat with you two losers. Cya

Eyebrows: [6:04 PM: left chat]

Chuckles: So Thomas! How are ya? :D

BrokeAllTheRules: Not now, Chuck. Talk later, I have some stuff to take care of

Chuckles: Then why're you on your phone?

BrokeAllTheRules: I dunno. I found texting and it was cool

Chuckles: But then why didn't you do stuff earlier that you now have to take care of? - -

BrokeAllTheRules: ...you ask a lot of questions. Talk to you later, or what do they use in text talk, TTYL.

BrokeAllTheRules: [6:06 PM: left chat]

Chuckles: ...guess that's it then

Chuckles: [6:07 PM: left chat]

Teresa's Trouble

Chapter Summary

Teresa has some SERIOUS issues, and they're only going to get worse...

Chapter Notes

Warning: This chapter will be less comedy and more drama than anything else. It has a trigger point, which I've marked out in the chapter itself, also it has the start of off-text writing.

Trigger warnings:

- Self-harm

2:25 PM

BrokeAllTheRules: [joined chat] Hello?

Glade Mom: [2:25 PM: joined chat] Tommy? We have an issue...

BrokeAllTheRules: Uh-oh. What this time?

Glade Mom: Well you see...

SassKing: [2:26 PM: joined chat] THOMAS! It's Teresa. Help!

BrokeAllTheRules: Oh my god...what happened?

SassKing: She's gone NUTS, Thomas. Nuts, I tell you! The girl is jacked!

BrokeAllTheRules: Calm down, Minho. Tell me what happened.

SassKing: Well you see...she just came out of nowhere. I swear to god that she just...APPEARED in front of me

Thomas looked up at the sound of hurried footsteps, seeing Teresa approach, the look in her eyes not quite...normal. She was holding a knife, which Thomas carefully kept his eye on. Despite that, she did not seem exactly threatening when she came to join him. Nor did she sheathe the knife. Thomas at once noted that from under her sleeve, her arm was dripping with blood. Fresh blood. Human blood. He frowned and caught her eye, then pointed wordlessly to her arm, which she didn't try to hide, rolling up to sleeve to reveal several wounds, the look on her face made sense, the look in her beautiful eyes. She was confused. She was confused and scared and in an attempt to escape that for a while, she'd done all this to herself.

"Teresa...did you do that?" He asked, staring.

She nodded.

"Yeah, I couldn't quite handle things. I try to act strong around the guys, but I'm scared, Tom. I'm scared shitless."

"Minho says you're jacked," he remembered. "He says you just appeared in front of him, and when I saw you just now, it felt like something was wrong. Come on, sit down, you can talk to me." He motioned for her to take a seat next to him.

She did, though hesitantly, eyes never leaving his.

"Thomas, we've been here only a couple days and already it's driving me nuts. We need to get out."

"You think I don't know that?" He shook his head, resting his wrists on his knees. "I'm a Runner, Teresa. I know we have to. That's what I'm here for. Me and Minho."

"It's not enough." She looked away. "They said Minho was good. Good at everything. They said he could run the Maze without even pausing to think of which way to go. He just...knew. Almost instinctively. No matter how good he is though, he has been here for the past three years, and in all that time, he's been trying to find a way out, and in all that time, he's failed to do so." She looked up again. "We have to take action, Tom. We have to take matters into our own hands."

"I know, and we're doing everything we can. There's gotta be a way out of this place somewhere."

"I know there is. I'm absolutely sure. They can't send us up here on a one-way trip," she pointed out.

"Well I'm sure it'll all eventually get figured out," he promised, trying to soothe the girl.

She stood up abruptly.

"If you guys can't figure it out in three YEARS, I'll find a way out within my first three DAYS."

Thomas sighed and stood up as well.

"Well...you can try. Good luck with that."

She marched off, head held high, sheathing her knife.

Thomas sat down again and pulled out his phone, rejoining the chat.

BrokeAllTheRules: Well...she just talked to me

SassKing: What did she say? Are you okay?

BrokeAllTheRules: I'm fine. Don't think she is. Said that if we haven't been able to find our way out in three years, she'll find her way out in her first three days

Glade Mom: I seriously doubt it. Good luck with that.

BrokeAllTheRules: That's what I told her too

Chuckles: [2:43 PM: joined chat] What did I miss?

BrokeAllTheRules: Not much. Don't worry about it

Glade Mom: It's nothing important

SassKing: Teresa's gone nuts is what you missed

Chuckles: Also Alby is mad, so try not to annoy him. Actually, just avoid him completely if you can. Aw shuck! He's coming this way, gotta go, bye!

Chuckles: [2:45 PM: left chat]

SassKing: THAT'S a subtle warning...

Glade Mom: Slim it, Minho.

SassKing: Oooh! Attitude?

Glade Mom: I said slim it.

SassKing: I can just hear your cute British accent in my head saying that

Glade Mom: SLIM IT, SHUCK-FACE!

BrokeAllTheRules: Minho...just quit it. If Alby's having a bad day, I'm PRETTY sure you don't want to be on the bad side of the second-in-command too

SassKing: Yeah yeah. Whatever.

SassKing: [2:51 PM: left chat]

Glade Mom: Thanks, Tommy. Didn't wanna get worked up more

BrokeAllTheRules: 'Tis okay. Ok, gtg. Gally's coming and he doesn't look happy. Ttyl.

BrokeAllTheRules: [2:52 PM: left chat]

Minho, No.

Chapter Summary

Alby's in a bad mood and Minho's intent on tormenting Newt, and Newt isn't having it! This'll be... interesting.

Chapter Notes

I apologize in advance. Wait no, nevermind. I regret nothing.

SassKing: [6:50 AM: joined chat] Salamander?

Glade Mom: [6:50 AM: joined chat] For the LAST time. I'm NOT a lizard, Minho.

SassKing: But your name...

Glade Mom: Is an unfortunate mistake.

SassKing: You look like a girl. Are you a girl or a salamander?

Glade Mom: Teresa is a girl. I am not a salamander

SassKing: So you're not a girl either?

Glade Mom: You LIVE with me! You know I am obviously not a girl!

SassKing: Then why is your username 'Glade Mom' if you're a man?

Glade Mom: ... I'm the Glade mom because...uh...

SassKing: Can't find a word to describe it?

Glade Mom: No...

SassKing: Any of these? Maternal, clingy, overprotective, obsessive...

Glade Mom: ...

SassKing: Choose one

Glade Mom: ...Fine. Overprotective will do, I suppose

SassKing: BRB. Alby's standing reading over my shoulder

"What're you doing?" Alby's deep voice asked as he stood at Minho's shoulder, arms crossed.
"It's almost time the doors opened. Don't you have to be getting ready?"

Minho stared nervously up at him, forcing his face to remain expressionless.
"Yeah. I am ready. Well...almost. I'm not done teasing salamander yet."

"Salamander?" Alby growled.

"Yeah! He's named after one," he pointed out with a shrug.

Alby shook his head.

"Yes, but that's not his name." He pointed at the second-in-command, leaning against the Homestead a distance away, either oblivious to their presences or ignoring them. Probably the second. "He's Newt. His name isn't Salamander."

Minho shrugged and crossed his arms, looking away, then standing up and shaking himself out.

"Fine, whatever. I'm getting ready. Jeez."

Alby watched him go off, then scanned the rest of the Glade, looking for any slackers, unable to find any, much to his satisfaction. He marched off to who knows where.

SassKing: God...apparently I'm heading in now. Thomas's with me. Talk to ya later, Salamander

Glade Mom: I'M NOT A REPTILE!!!

SassKing: Whatever you say, mom. ;)

Glade Mom: ... I hate you.

SassKing: [6:55 AM: left chat]

Newt leaned back against the homestead's wall and shoved his phone in his pocket.
"Thank god."

Minho, No. (Part 2)

Chapter Summary

Despite being on the job in the Maze, and much to the frustration of both Newt and Thomas Minho's distracted, his mind 100% focused on continually tormenting Newt, this time without Alby around.

Thomas stared at Minho from the corner of his eye as they rounded the first corner of the giant, dark Maze. His eyes darted back and forth between the path they were headed down and the Keeper of the Runners.

"So...what's on your mind?" Thomas asked. "You're smirking."

Minho quickly wiped the slight smirk off his face.

"No I'm not. What're you talking about?" He refused to meet his companion's eyes.

"You were smirking like you had a plan, and given the lighthearted look on your face, I'm almost absolutely certain it has nothing to do with the Maze, which is what we're SUPPOSE to be focusing on." He shook his head. "Man, I don't know my way around the Maze yet. If we're gonna get back, I'll need you to lead us there."

Minho waved it off.

"Hey, the sections changed again, you take section 4 and I'll head down section 6, meet at the west exit of section 5 in 20 minutes," he ordered.

Thomas narrowed his eyes, scanning him before sighing in resignation.

"Alright. Yell if you need help with anything."

"Okay." They parted ways.

As soon as Thomas was out of sight, Minho leaned back against a wall and pulled out his phone. He couldn't help it. Ever since he'd started teasing Newt, it had only been funnier and funnier, and he wanted to keep going, see how long Newt would last before he completely broke. Partially because Minho loved making fun of him, and partially because Minho wanted Newt's attention.

SassKing: [7:32 AM: joined chat] Glade mom?

Glade Mom: [7:34 AM: joined chat] Finally. What do you want?

SassKing: In the Maze atm. Sent Thomas away to another section

Glade Mom: WHY THE BLOODY HELL WOULD YOU DO THAT?!? HE DOESN'T KNOW THE MAZE A FRACTION AS WELL AS YOU DO, NOW GO AFTER HIM YOU GODDAMN SLINTHEAD!

SassKing: Relax, He's fine. He spent a night out here and I abandoned him, but he ran the Maze like there's no tomorrow, like he knew where he was going, almost. Don't worry about his sorry ass

Glade Mom: How DARE you talk to me like that?!? I'm the second in command!

SassKing: Do I seem like the kind of person to care for your rank? As far as I see it, I'm the Keeper of the Runners, you're the Keeper of the lizards

Glade Mom: I'M NOT A SALAMANDER!

SassKing: Whoa...pipe down there, little guy. You're gonna tear your own tail off

Glade Mom: I do not HAVE a tail because I am NOT a lizard, now stop following me around with that. I'm the second in command!

SassKing: The what?

Glade Mom: The second in command

SassKing: You know about text talk, right?

Glade Mom: Of course I do

SassKing: Isn't it SUCH a bother to write 'second in command' all the time?

Glade Mom: Fine. I am the SIC. Happy?

SassKing: Oh my god! You're sick? Med-jacks! Somebody call for the Med-jacks! Clint, Jeff, Newt is sick!

Glade Mom: Oh for gosh sake Min-Min! You're being bloody ridiculous! I'm not sick!

SassKing: You just said you were tho

Glade Mom: No, I said I was SIC, not sick

SassKing: I don't see a difference

Glade Mom: How do you not see a difference?

SassKing: Seeing how irresponsibly you take your duties sometimes makes me nauseous

Glade Mom: ...

SassKing: Awww...can't respond? Feeling a little...off?

Glade Mom: Minho, stop.

SassKing: Not thinking straight? I'm trying to help

Glade Mom: You make me wanna throw up sometimes

SassKing: See? I TOLD you you were sick! Med-jacks!

Glade Mom: ...I'm done.

Glade Mom: [7:53 AM: left chat]

BrokeAllTheRules: [8:00 AM: joined chat] MINHO!

SassKing: No need to shout

BrokeAllTheRules: Where ARE you and why did you send me to a dead-end?

SassKing: What? No I didn't! I said section 4, not section dead-end!

BrokeAllTheRules: I DID go 2 section 4, it's a dead-end!

SassKing: Hang on...this can't be right...does anything look off?

BrokeAllTheRules: Well...it hasn't changed much here, except for this tiny little tunnel thingy...

SassKing: Tiny tunnel thingy?

BrokeAllTheRules: Come on, I'll show you. The section hasn't changed much except for that. So that might be the problem

SassKing: I'll say. Hang on. I just have to tell Salamander that I can't keep tormenting him atm.

BrokeAllTheRules: You sent me into a different section so you could torment Newt?!?

SassKing: Uhh...yeah. Sounds about right

BrokeAllTheRules: ... let's just get this thing over with. We're talking later.

SassKing: Right behind you. Literally. Turn around

Thomas turned to see Minho standing there, leaning his shoulder against the wall with an absentminded smirk on his face. Then he rolled his eyes at his friend and jerked his head forward, taking off with Minho close behind.

Punctuation! (Or Not...Whichever.)

Chapter Summary

Minho doesn't like Frypan's casserole and Alby is a punctuation fan.

King Of The Cooks: [7:46 PM: joined chat] Minho, seriously. Stop making faces at the food my cooking isn't THAT bad

SassKing: [7:46 PM: joined chat] Yeaaaah...sure. Whatever you say Fry. Ugh.

King Of The Cooks: ...

SassKing: The casserole is terrible

King Of The Cooks: You say that every time I make it, then come back for more

SassKing: I'm a Runner. I need food for fuel

King Of The Cooks: Then stop complaining about it. You have something to eat, and if you wanna keep that you'd better slim it about what you think

Leader: [7:49 PM: joined chat] How does this thing work? Who's chat did I just join?

SassKing: It's Minho and Fry, I'm sure you could tell by the usernames tho

King Of The Cooks: Minho's complaining about how the food tastes

Leader: I think it tastes perfectly fine.

King Of The Cooks: Hah! See Minho? I told you

SassKing: Slim it Fry

Leader: ...

SassKing: What

King Of The Cooks: I assume that's Alby

Leader: ...

SassKing: Alby what's wrong?

Leader: Do all the Gladers text like this?

SassKing: Text like what?

Leader: Without any punctuation or grammar. Do all the Gladers do this, or is that just the two of you?

SassKing: Well...us, Thomas and Newt all text that way and so does Chuck and Gally

King Of The Cooks: And Jeff and Clint too. I was talking to them earlier and they don't do punctuation since it's such a bother with something as simple as texts

Leader: ...

SassKing: Alby?

Leader: ...

SassKing: is that all your keyboard can do?

Leader: Now you're not using capitalization either!

SassKing: why bother with that?

King Of The Cooks: Id advise you to be careful

Leader: And no apostrophes either, apparently. Great. I'm surrounded by lunatics who can't even text right.

King Of The Cooks: Calm down. Its not the end of the world

SassKing: Wow. Chuck told me Alby was not having a good day three days ago. This can't be good

King Of The Cooks: you have no allies anymore

SassKing: What do you mean?

King Of The Cooks: Alby's had a bad couple days and remember you have now successfully pissed off the SIC

Leader: SIC?

SassKing: Newt. Second in command or whatever in text talk

Leader: What is this text talk? Is it as terrible as your typing?

SassKing: Well it's like ttyl and gtg and pls

Leader: AGH!

King Of The Cooks: I'm guessing he doesn't like it

SassKing: Speaking of gtg, T is calling 4 me so I'll ttyl

King Of The Cooks: Minho...you still haven't left the chat. Are you waiting for Albys reaction?

SassKing: Shhh! Nobody knows I'm here!

King Of The Cooks: ... you just texted it. Also you used way more of the text talk stuff than usual this time. Are you TRYING to annoy him?

SassKing: Shhhh!

Maze Changes

Chapter Summary

Thomas finds out that Newt's not having a good day, and on top of it all, a new and rather... interesting problem with the Maze has appeared. One that doesn't give Thomas a good feeling.

Chapter Notes

Hope I'm getting the feeling across. I wish I could capture the eeriness of the Maze and all, but I sadly can't. I'm sorry.

Glade Mom: [6:12 AM: joined chat] Wake up, Tommy

BrokeAllTheRules: [6:12 AM: joined chat] ... why are you texting me?

Glade Mom: Because I can. Now get up.

BrokeAllTheRules: Newt, for God's sake, you're standing two feet away

Glade Mom: I know how far away I am, Tommy! I can measure and count!

BrokeAllTheRules: Count to 3 for me

Glade Mom: Tommy.

BrokeAllTheRules: C'mon Newtie!

Glade Mom: Don't bloody call me that

BrokeAllTheRules: Whyyyyy? It's cute!

Glade Mom: Just. Get. Up.

SassKing: [6:18 AM: joined chat] Thomas, come on or we're gonna miss

BrokeAllTheRules: Why does it matter if we're a couple minutes late?

SassKing: Those "couple minutes" could mean life or death!

BrokeAllTheRules: ...we're going INTO the Maze, Minho. Not OUT of it yet

SassKing: Lose time and it might throw off our perception of how long we have

BrokeAllTheRules: Jeez. Everyone's so uptight. This's gonna be a long day

Glade Mom: Get your lazy ass up and go!

Glade Mom: [6:25 AM: left chat]

Thomas slid on his harness and checked the straps, securing it in place. Then he jogged over to join Minho, who was stretching himself out, getting ready for the long run. They had arrived early in order to warm up, as to not hurt themselves while running. The doors were slowly sliding over, moaning and groaning as they did so. How it didn't wake all the other Gladers, they would never know. Thomas had always been amazed at how they slept through it, though it made sense, since Minho had told him that this happened every day on the clock at 7, the Gladers often just got use to it and slept through it. At least they had until Newt and Alby had decided that wake-up was 6:30 for the other Gladers, 6 generally for the Runners.

"Hey, Shank. Ready to go?" Minho asked, tugging at his harness to make sure it was secure.

Thomas nodded.

"Yeah."

Minho returned the nod and faced forward as the Doors clicked into place for the day.

"Let's go!"

They'd gone down several twists, turns and corridors so narrow they'd had to move sideways and squeeze themselves through. By the time Minho called for a break, Thomas was so wiped out that he wasn't sure he could've continued on if he'd tried. Minho looked only slightly better, gasping for breath and sweaty, but not quite collapsing on the ground, unlike Thomas, who slid down the wall to the ground and just lay there, face planted on his hands, laying on his belly on the stone floor, desperately drawing in air. They sat there for no more than fifteen too-short minutes though before they were moving again.

"Thomas! Take section four, I've got section five!" Minho called.

"We're NOT splitting up again. Last time we did that you just let me run into a dead-end and used the time we have to look for a way out of here to torture Newt on text," he remembered, crossing his arms.

"I swear, I won't!" Minho insisted.

"Fine, but if you abandon me..."

He held up his hands.
"I won't. I promise."

"Fine." They split.

The first thing Thomas noticed was that the section had changed abnormally, the walls having shifted the wrong way. The Maze changed overnight, yes, but he'd studied with Minho for a while. Minho had been there three years and said that the Maze always changed in a pattern of sorts. This didn't follow the pattern that he had seen, the pattern Minho had shown him on his first day in the Maze as an official Runner.

BrokeAllTheRules: [7:11 AM: joined chat] Minho? Where are you?

SassKing: [7:16 AM: joined chat] Sorry! I couldn't respond before. I was a bit...reoccupied

BrokeAllTheRules: I'm in section 4 but it doesn't look right. The pattern isn't being followed anymore and it looks like the walls bent so that it leads to section 3

SassKing: ...follow it. Maybe the Maze is trying to show us something

BrokeAllTheRules: If that's changed unexpectedly, what's to say there aren't Grievers around?

SassKing: Nothing, so we've just gotta take a chance, okay? If the Maze is trying to take us somewhere and we miss that chance, it's gone. We can't get it back. Of course, it COULD be leading us to a ton of Grievers, but I doubt it, or else they would've noticed it was open and come after us by now

BrokeAllTheRules: Are you going to come, or what?

SassKing: Yeah, it'll take me a good few minutes to get there tho. Go ahead without me, I'll catch up, I promise

BrokeAllTheRules: Ok. Don't let me down, if it's dangerous, I'll get somewhere safe first, then text you

SassKing: Sounds good

Thomas shoved his phone in his pocket and stared ahead at the intimidating, dark hallway, with echoes and moans that he wasn't sure were real or in his mind seeming to bounce off each of the walls as he stared. He didn't want to go in. He felt like it was a bad idea. He expected something terrible to happen if he went in there. When he'd first seen the cold, grey walls of the Maze, he'd been curious. When he'd stood at the Doors and stared inside, something sent a chill down his spine and struck fear in his heart, and when he'd entered it the first time, he'd been sure he'd never see the Glade again. This felt the same, only much, MUCH more intense. He stared a moment more into the blackness, then took off and ran, heading- albeit hesitantly- down the unknown corridor. As soon as he'd entered, it didn't become lighter like usual. Instead it became darker.

Passageway

Chapter Summary

Thomas enters the newly found passageway, only to run into an unpleasant surprise...

BrokeAllTheRules: [7:21 AM: joined chat] Minho, I'm in the new pathway. Where r u?

SassKing: [7:21 AM: joined chat] Not far behind. I'm in the west part of section 4. Keep going

BrokeAllTheRules: OK

Thomas wandered through the dark hall, keeping one hand on the moist stone wall to guide his way. Once, he stepped on something that made a metallic clinking noise that echoed throughout the hall, making him tense and curse himself under his breath. Something moved up ahead. Was the Maze changing as he went, or was there a Griever waiting right up ahead?

"It's okay," he told himself. "Just keep calm."

However, that calm putter expression was broken when suddenly the creature appeared in front of him with a great roaring sound as it reared on its hind legs and charged, three-clawed tail snapping open and shut, moving faster than Thomas had expected, and he had faced a Griever before. He cursed again, this time out loud, and took off. No time to wait for Minho. Minho...could he get far enough away to be safe for ten seconds to text his fellow Runner, tell him to go, tell him that it wasn't safe? He ran, as fast as he could, stumbling over his own feet in his haste to get away, but the monster was close behind, never stopping, never missing a beat. Thomas gasped for breath as he made a jump across to a thin ledge, then edged his way around it to the wider pathway. He ducked behind a stone into a small passageway, praying it would be small enough to keep the Griever out just for a few seconds as he texted Minho not to enter the newly discovered passageway.

BrokeAllTheRules: [7:39 AM: joined chat] Minho!!! Don't come in here, there's at least one Griever on this side, it's chasing me!

SassKing: [7:40 AM: joined chat] SLINTHEAD! If it's chasing you, why're you texting me instead of running? GO!

BrokeAllTheRules: Run for the Glade. Go! Now!

SassKing: Says you!

BrokeAllTheRules: Ah shit! It's coming at me, gtg and hopefully cya later!

SassKing: Don't die or I swear to god I'll kill you

BrokeAllTheRules: Can't kill me if I'm dead. ;)

SassKing: Why you little...

BrokeAllTheRules: [7:44 AM: left chat]

SassKing: GOOD!

Thomas shoved his phone in his pocket and looked for a way out, hopefully one that wouldn't involve emerging into the open again, but for now, he was trapped. Finally he deduced there was no other way out and peeked over the edge of the stone. The Griever wasn't far away, eyes fixed on the point the Runner had disappeared into. Thomas cursed under his breath and did what he did best: something stupid. He jumped up from his hiding place at once and as he heard the monster behind him, made a mad dash for the hall. He could feel its hot breath on his heels and hear the rapid metallic sounds. < Shit shit shit shit shit!>

BrokeAllTheRules: [7:50 AM: joined chat] MINHO!

Please [drop by the Archive and comment](#) to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!